Women at the World's Crossroads

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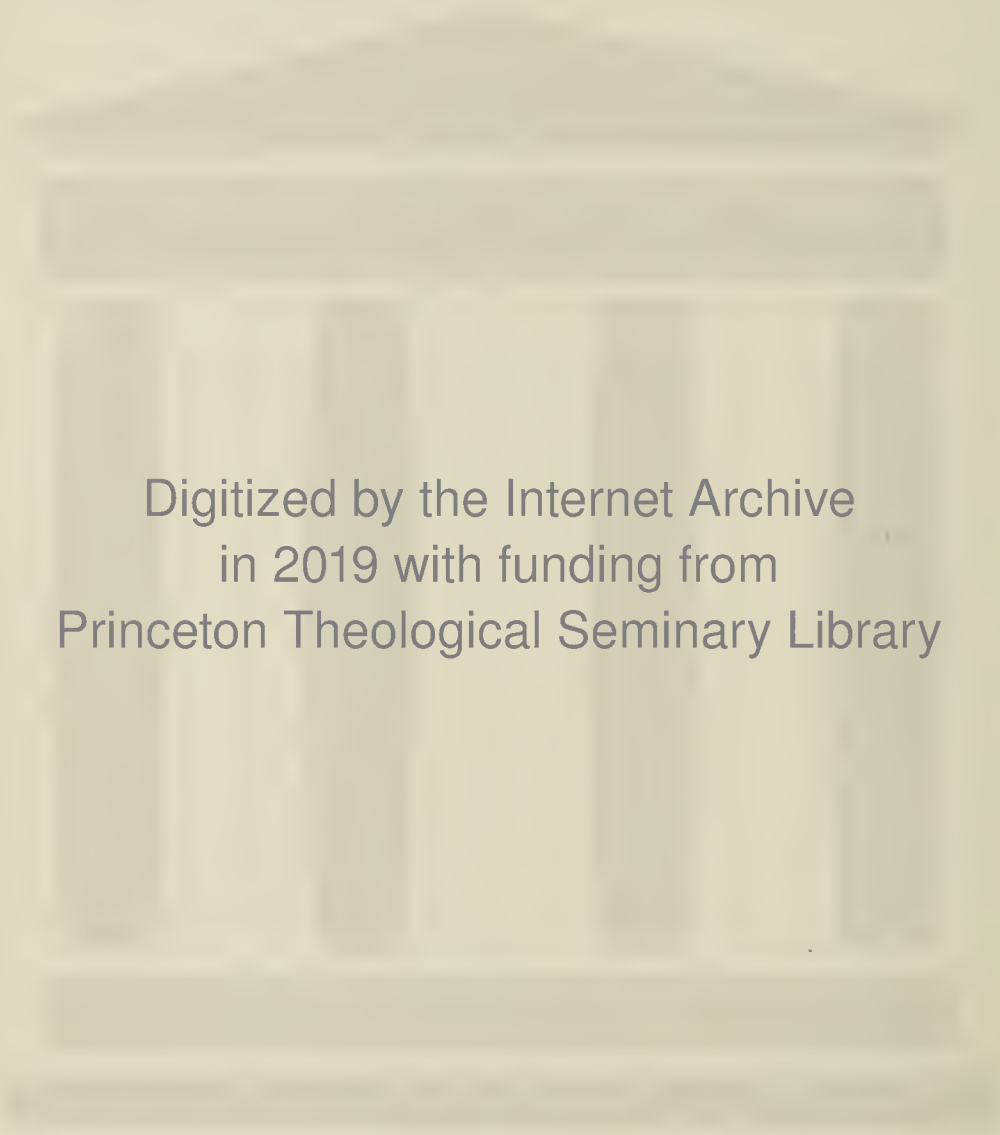
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A. MAUDE ROYDEN

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BY
A. MAUDE ROYDEN

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I Dedicate
This Little Book
to
The Young Womens Christian Associations
in the United States of America,
with gratitude for all their kindness and for
the inspiration that the opportunity of
working with them, even for so short
a time, was and still is to me.

THE material in this book was first presented as addresses given at the seventh national convention of the Young Womens Christian Associations of the United States of America.

CONTENTS

I. The World at the Crossroads . . . 11
II. Christian Patriotism 29
III. Woman's Service to the Race . . . 49
IV. Woman's Service to Theology . . . 75
V. The Law of Life 101
VI. Love, the Fulfilling of the Law . . 123

The World at the Crossroads

"See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil; therefore choose life, that thou mayest live, thou and thy seed."

The World at the Crossroads.

THERE is a choice before us as people who live in a great world, so knit together that even America cannot stand quite outside it, or act as though it were situated somewhere in the moon! That choice is a choice—let me put it quite brutally—between heaven and hell. Sometimes when people go to preach what is called a mission, they lay before their hearers a choice between a future in heaven or in hell. In a sense, that is the choice the world has to make to-day. But it is not a choice between a heaven or a hell beyond the grave; it is a choice between making heaven or making hell on this side of the grave, and in this world, here and now.

To-day the world is at the crossroads.

Perhaps it is partly because I come from a country which stands halfway, spiritually and geographically, between the New World and the

Old, that I feel so conscious of the choice that is before me.

There is a great verse at the closing of the Book of Deuteronomy:

> "See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil; therefore choose life, that thou mayest live, thou and thy seed."

I suppose that choice has really been before the world always, ever since it began. I remember hearing Professor Arthur Thomson say that the whole story of evolution was simply a record of "trying all things, holding fast that which is good"; and that has been the story of every species that has survived. Of course, some have not survived, as you know.

I do not know whether that amusing publication (it was, of course, much more than amusing), Mr. H. G. Wells' "Outline of History," has been read in this country as it has in my own. In England it has had an enormous circulation. I remember when I first picked it up and looked at the drawings in it, I thought that I had picked up,

accidentally, a copy of "Alice in Wonderland," for I saw there creatures, called the gigantosaurus and the brontosaurus, the diplodocus and all sorts of names, that looked like the animals in "Alice in Wonderland."

The gigantosaurus was about two hundred feet long and half a dozen of them would have made a good audience in a lecture hall. Why are these creatures not to be met to-day, either in England or America? Why have they not survived? Here is the human race, which, compared with these gigantic creatures, seems quite unfit to survive. For these creatures were, in some cases, of enormous size and great strength; some were heavily armed, and some of them were armed for offense as well as defense; they had skins that you could not pierce; or they had tusks and claws and teeth and every kind of weapon which, one would suppose, would enable them to survive in what we are accustomed to call the battle for existence! Yet they have disappeared! There is not one left! And the reason is not that they were not strong enough or fierce enough or heavily armed enough; it is simply that they were too stupid.

If you remember the pictures, you will remember how small their heads were, how stupid they looked. Such creatures could not develop enough brain capacity to meet the difficulties with which life was surrounded. And the reason why you and I have survived is because our forefathers *had* enough brains, on the whole, and enough courage and enough moral capacity to make the right kind of choice when they were confronted with a new situation.

If you will think back over the history of our race, you will see how new factors have come into the life of Man, new difficulties, changes of climate or of food,—something that has altered his surroundings; and generally, you will find that in face of that difficulty or that change, he learned so to adapt himself as to go forward instead of backward. The whole history of mankind is summed up in that capacity for choosing the right path.

> "See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil; therefore choose life, that thou mayest live, thou and thy seed."

Even in the short period of recorded history that choice has been made many times; and sometimes men have chosen wrong, and then empires fall and civilizations pass. If you were to travel around the world to-day, around the shores of the Mediterranean and right across Asia to your own Pacific Coast, you would find, would you not, the traces of one great civilization after another, which has risen by its power to meet its difficulties, and fallen before some change with which it could not cope; something has come into its history, some new danger, some new power or some new opportunity, and at that point it could not go forward.

But in this world you must always go forward or back; you cannot stand still and, therefore, when any civilization reaches a point at which it cannot or will not go any further, it begins to decline. Although the history of the world shows us Man growing more and more majestic, more and more the master of the world in which he lives, more and more godlike in his power over nature, yet it has always happened that the time has come when that particular race

or civilization has grown tired or lazy or stupid. The hour has come when a fresh difficulty has arisen and it could not meet it and, therefore, it has perished.

I believe that to-day there is a choice before the human race so great that it is not one civilization or one race alone, but the whole future of humanity which is in the balance. That is my excuse for asking you to look a little further even than the bounds of your own great country. Humanity itself is at the crossroads. There is a path that will lead to a human race which shall at last reach the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ; but there is also a path which, if we choose it, can lead to nothing less than the suicide of Humanity. Let me show you why.

I said that at every great epoch of the world's history, some great change has confronted a race or a civilization, and everything for it then depended upon its capacity to meet that change. Well, to-day there are two great changes, and those two together present us with a choice which is literally—quite literally—a choice between a world so beautiful, so noble, so full of beauty

and life and health that, in the words of a scientist (not a theologian but a scientist!), it would be "like the Garden of Eden," and a world so full of fear, of hatred and of destruction, that to call it hell is not to use language too strong.

What are these changes? They are these: first of all, the world to-day is *one thing*. It is not now a question of one nation or another, of one part of the world or another; it is that the entire world has been so linked together by commerce, by scientific discovery, by travel, by the extraordinary ease with which one can pass from one part of the world to another, that even in great and prosperous America, the wreck of a continent on the other side of the Atlantic reflects itself in conditions here.

I could give you, and you could imagine for yourselves, half a hundred examples of the way in which the United States prospers or suffers with the changes that take place in Europe and in Asia, but I suppose that the most obvious and the most serious one just now is your number of unemployed.

You are, practically, from a material point of view, independent. You produce almost everything that you want, here within the bounds of your own country, and yet even so, and even at your vast distance from that distracted, tortured Old World from which I come, it is still true of you that the world is so knit together that you cannot disregard what is going on on the other side of the world.

That is something new in the world's history. A civilization could rise and fall hundreds of years ago and the people on the other side of the world might never even have heard of it. To-day, that is impossible. Russia cannot perish from starvation and the people of the United States remain absolutely untouched. Europe cannot suffer economic dislocation, cannot be, so to speak, dying on her feet as she is to-day, and leave you altogether unaffected. Not only your human feelings for those who suffer, but your economic position, your trade, everything, is so linked together that the world cannot any longer suffer in one part without suffering everywhere. "If one member suffers, all the body suffers with

it"; in a sense, that is even more obviously and tragically true than it was when it was spoken two thousand years ago.

The other factor is this: the extraordinary advance of modern science. It is, of course, in a sense, another aspect of the same thing. It is because modern science has given us the cable and the telegraph and wireless telegraphy and railways and steamships and aeroplanes that the world is knit up into one. Modern commerce would not have been possible without modern science. But science has done more for us, and to us, than this. It has given us a power over the world in which we live, which will enable Humanity to cut out altogether some of the great problems that have puzzled it in the past. I do not know whether the name of Professor Soddy is familiar to Americans, but he knows more, perhaps, about radium and radioactivity than any other scientist on the other side of the water. Professor Soddy, in speaking of the powers which modern research is putting into our hands, uses these words: "To-day science has reached a point from which it is possible to look out on a world

full of energy and power, compared with which gas and steam and electricity are like the toys of a child's nursery. We are on the threshold of knowledge which will enable us to rid Humanity of four-fifths of the diseases that scourge it; to lift from its shoulders the crushing burden of its toil; to wrest from the earth riches beyond the dreams of avarice; to make of the world something like the Garden of Eden."

If I were quoting from an election address at the next presidential election, you would not believe it, would you? But I am quoting the words of a professor of the sober science of inorganic chemistry; and he tells us that science is already on the threshold of powers which can make the world something like the Garden of Eden, which "can eliminate forever the struggle for existence on its material side."

You will see that to release Humanity from that terrible and sordid struggle, will be, if we choose, to release it for the nobler spiritual and intellectual struggle which belongs to that which is truly human, and which raises us above the animal. It is the struggle for existence which

makes it seem almost impossible for one to gain except by another's loss; which induces that horrible sense that when you rise you do so by standing on someone else's body in the mud; that dilemma which, translated into ordinary life, makes it difficult for you to get a job without taking that job away from somebody else; which makes it hard for you to rise in your profession, in your work, whatever it is, without feeling that you do so at the cost of another. That is the struggle for existence, interpreted in terms of ordinary life. To cut that out, to free mankind from that horrible competition, would be to set him on an entirely different moral level; would be to release him for the great spiritual development which makes him human, which raises him above the brute creation; and this, says Professor Soddy, is what science is making possible.

Then we come up against such a thing as this: Sir Oliver Lodge, speaking at the City Temple about three years ago in London, on the subject of atomic energy, used these words: "We must be thankful that Germany did not know how to use this great power in 1914. What a use she

might have made of it! And God forbid that any nation should know how to use it, until some nation is morally fit to use it." Surely it must be the first time in history that a great scientist, pursuing a certain line of research—for Sir Oliver Lodge is now giving all his time to the investigation of atomic energy—should pause in his work and pray to God that he should not yet succeed in it, because there is no nation in the world that is morally fit to use the power that he is learning to put into the hands of Humanity! And is he not right in that hesitation? Germany is not the only nation in the world that can put the great forces of nature to a diabolical use.

It is possible for science to make the world like the Garden of Eden! Amen. But it is also possible, and sometimes it seems more probable, that science will make the world a very good imitation of hell. Some of you have been East since the war began. You know that modern science, instead of wresting from the earth its riches, instead of abolishing disease, has blasted the surface of the earth so that there is famine

where there was plenty, and disease where there was health.

"Science," says Soddy, "can abolish four-fifths of the diseases that scourge mankind." And instead, in Europe and Asia, science has almost created new diseases, has at least, by its appalling powers of destruction, created conditions so abominable that people die of influenza, die of rickets, die of tuberculosis in weeks or days instead of years. This is what modern science has done, and this is the choice that is before us:

Are we going to use the powers that we are being given to-day, powers before which the imagination reels, to make heaven or to make hell? To eliminate the struggle for existence and set Humanity free for its spiritual development, or to turn the world into a cockpit where we shall destroy each other on such a scale that there is nothing before us but the suicide of Humanity? That is the choice that is before us to-day.

Do I exaggerate when I say that the world is indeed at the crossroads? This very man of whom I speak, Professor Soddy, who is to-day

giving the whole of his wonderful genius to researches which he believes will benefit Humanity, was offered by the British Government an endowment if, instead, he would use his genius to explore the possibilities of poison gas! That is not the fault of any one government. The countries of this world have the governments that they deserve. Believe me, that is true! We have the government that we deserve, and if the genius of our great scientists is turned to purposes of destruction instead of creation, it is our fault, ours as a nation, and not that of any government in the world.

In democratic countries, the governments are what the people make of them, and that is why I appeal to the rank and file of the citizens of the United States, when I say that it belongs to you, to all of you, to decide whether Humanity shall take the step forward which shall make this twentieth century an epoch in the history of the whole world, or go backward into destruction.

In the past, perhaps, we did not see when the moment of choice had arrived; the hour struck and we did not know. Civilizations rose and fell

but did not understand why they rose or why they fell. To-day we have no such excuse. To-day we can see what we do. We stand at a point at which we can look before and after, knowing what we do; and if we choose wrong, it is a deliberate choice.

> "See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil; therefore choose life, that thou mayest live, thou and thy seed."

Christian Patriotism

"Jesus called them unto him, and said, Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your servant."

Christian Patriotism.

Patriotism has been made the excuse of such appalling crimes in the past that, in the Old World, which has so lately been the battlefield of the nations, patriotism has almost become, among thoughtful people, a discredited virtue. People are apt to say that we ought to love Humanity in such a way that we do not prefer one nation, even our own, above another. They dread the patriotism (so-called) which finds its expression in oppressing other nations and exalting itself.

Too, often, patriotism has indeed been invoked to justify crimes. Rarely has any nation accepted Isaiah's conception of the "Suffering Servant" or desired to be "as those that serve." The Jews, as you know, resented that idea and looked forward to the time when their race should be acclaimed by Humanity as its master. They consoled themselves during the time of their oppres-

sion and servitude with the hope that the time would come when God's chosen people should be the lords and governors of the world.

The prophet Isaiah, in that most moving and inspiring passage of the Suffering Servant suggests to them that they have misunderstood the purpose of God, and that Israel was to serve the world, not in magnificence and in power, but in suffering and humility. And our Lord says to his disciples, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your servant."

It is easy to think that patriotism is not compatible with Christian teaching, if national ambition is patriotism; and when you consider what so-called patriotism is doing to-day in Europe, and what it has done for the last six or seven years, when you see every little nation trying to arm itself to the teeth in order to commit aggressions against its neighbor in the name of patriotism, you may easily feel, as many thinking people do in Europe, that patriotism is not a Christian virtue; that we ought to love the whole of Humanity in such a way that it is not possible for us to prefer our own nation above any other.

Yet I believe that this is as unreasonable as to claim that, because our Lord taught us to love all the world, we ought not especially to love our own people. The Christian ideal does not conflict with family love; on the contrary, I often think that a Christian home is really the greatest success that Christian teaching has yet produced. Going up and down the world as I do, and sleeping often night after night in a different home, I am often conscious, the moment I enter a house, of an atmosphere of such grace and courtesy, such gentleness and consideration and love, that it seems to me that the kingdom of heaven really has been realized in the Christian home. Of course, there are homes which are the opposite of all this, but all of us at least know some such homes as I have described; many of you, I hope, live in such homes, where the whole atmosphere is one of consideration and love, where the strong serve the weak and where each expects the best of the other—where there is an atmosphere so gracious, so lovely, that it makes one realize that the Sermon on the Mount is not an impossible

ideal, but that the kingdom of heaven has indeed touched earth in some Christian homes.

Yet I have no doubt that, at first, it seemed to many people that Christian teaching must destroy the home. If you think of the old family idea, when the family was the property of the head of the household, when the father governed his wife and children, having over them powers of life and death, I expect that it seemed to them—and I am perfectly certain that if they saw American homes to-day, they would be confirmed in the idea—that Christianity was destroying the possibility of family life. If they saw how American parents hold their children in awe instead of the children holding their parents in awe, I am sure that they would say, "You see the result of this destructive teaching!" And, in a sense, it is true that what seemed to them the very essence of family life has vanished under Christian influence. Instead of the idea of property, of power, of authority, there is the feeling that the home is based upon love, and that love desires service more than authority. There is a certain freedom in a Christian home which comes, undoubtedly,

of devotion to an even greater than earthly love, a love which makes us understand how a spirit so gracious and lovely as that of Christ could say to his disciples: "He that hateth not his father and mother . . . . cannot be my disciple."

In just the same way, Christianity has transformed our love of country. I do not believe that Jesus Christ had that abstract love of Humanity which rules out personal friendship; He was far too gloriously human not to have personal friends; and, in the same way, I am persuaded that He had a deep personal love for his own people, his own nation.

The most tragic cry that sounds to us out of the pages of the past is the cry of Christ's disappointment with his own people, and you cannot help feeling, I think, as He looked down on Jerusalem and uttered those moving words: "How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, and ye would not. Behold your house is left unto you desolate!"—that those words are tragic and moving, just because they are so profoundly human. They make you feel that Christ

was moved to tears not only because the world had cast Him out, but because his own people had done so.

I remember reading a short time ago a little poem by an English sailor, a man who was in the Jutland battle, in which he describes his sense of his own narrow little heart, which can only love the people it really knows, compared with the great passion for Humanity which animated our Lord; and yet, he says, "Although this is true, and our Lord loved all the world, yet surely there was in his heart, even in *his* heart, a peculiar love for his own people."

"I would not mind to die for them,
My own dear downs and comrades true;
But that great Heart of Bethlehem,
He died for men he never knew.

"And yet I think, on Golgotha,
When Jesus' eyes were closed in death,
He saw with a most passionate love
The little streets of Nazareth."

Does not that appeal to one's sense of what is fundamentally true? Our Lord loved his own

people, and the tragedy to Him of his failure was deepened and intensified by the fact that it was his own people who had failed. He was the embodiment of that old idea of the Suffering Servant. To Him, every nation had its great gift, given to it by God, but not for itself—for the world! And the supreme gift of the Jewish race was a spiritual and religious genius which taught the Jew that God made man in his own image, that there was in man something divine which makes him the child of God; and his limitation lay in the fact that he conceived this only about the Jewish race.

Our Lord's mission was first of all to the Jews: "I come to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." "These," He implies, "are my people; these are the ones whose gift I understand. Their supreme genius is their sense of the Fatherhood of God and, therefore, their service to the world is to teach the world that God is a Father. They know that God has led them throughout the ages. They know that in them there is a divine spirit which makes them the children of God. That is theirs to give to the

world, not theirs to keep to themselves, to make them spiritually arrogant, to make them desire to dominate the world; but theirs to share. He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant.

"This gift," He says, "this religious genius, which has taught you that God is your Father, is now yours to give to the world; and your glory shall be, not that you alone are God's children, but that to you has been given this great gospel—that all mankind is of the family of God."

Now the Jews were furious at that conception of patriotism. To them the Christ was to be a conqueror, a king in the earthly sense. Throughout his ministry you can see how they hoped that Jesus of Nazareth was going to be that great conqueror; and when they found He would not, when they tried to force Him into the position of a leader and a king, and He refused, then they turned against Him and said, "Not this man, but Barabbas."

Again and again in the history of the world, the anger of the world against Christians has been aroused, not because they believed this or that or

the other about God—the world is not interested in what we believe—but because the Christian has seemed to be a bad citizen. You see, our Lord, from the point of view of the Jews, was a bad Jew; He wanted the Jews to serve the world, and they wanted the Jews to rule the world. He conceived of patriotism as a spiritual service, and they thought of it as a magnificent earthly ambition.

Early in the history of the Church, you will find that the persecutions of the Christians under the Roman empire were not against Christianity as a body of religious belief, but against the Christians because they were bad citizens; they would not worship the Roman emperor. Any educated person in the Roman empire knew that the emperor was not a god, but to throw a little incense on his altar was just an expression of loyalty. It meant that you were a "hundred per cent" Roman citizen. To refuse meant that you were a bad citizen who should be thrown to the lions.

Over and over again in the history of the world, the conception of Christian patriotism,

which is service, has seemed to the world bad patriotism or an absence of patriotism; and the transforming power of Christ, which teaches that real love of country should be an understanding of one's country's gift to the world, and a desire to serve, has always seemed, at the time, to be a wicked and treacherous ideal. I say, at the time, because as the nations recede into the past and our angry passions die, and other nations rise to take their place, everyone can see that what Christ taught was true.

What service does the world owe to the Jews? A spiritual one. What does the world owe to Greece? Does the world care what battles Greece fought and won? How many of you know the names of her battles or whether or not she won or lost them? Greece is to the world the ideal of beauty, and all the world pays homage to Greece because of her great genius for beauty. So it is with all nations. It is not the conquests that they made, it is the service that they rendered, which, as they recede into the past, we can see was their real greatness and their glory.

Can we to-day rise to the ideal of a patriotism

which is not that cold and colorless thing which rules out all especial love of country, which teaches that people should love everyone alike,—a thing impossible to the human spirit—which asks us to love Humanity with a capital "H," and not to love our own country more than others? Can we reconcile our belief that we have not only a right but a duty to love our own country, with that spiritual understanding of what love of country ought to mean? Can we, in fact, conceive at last of a Christian patriotism? It is that which alone can save the world to-day.

Many of those who think and feel as I do, on the whole, on most national and international subjects, regard nationalism as a passion so perverted that we must seek to rise altogether above it. I think they are wrong. Love of country is a passion so deeply rooted in the heart of Man that I cannot believe it is wrong or base. I am certain that like the love of friends, like the love of parents, like the love of children, it is essentially noble and sacred. But if this is so, and if you cannot and do not desire to cast it out of the human heart, you must transform it, unless

the world is to be forever the tragic battlefield of nations that so large a part of it is to-day.

"Wider still and wider, let her bounds be set," writes a modern English poet of the British empire, "God who made her mighty, make her mightier yet." But that ideal, though so nobly expressed, must, if it remains in our hearts, forever bring us into conflict with all the other nations of the world. It is an ideal which makes battle and war inevitable. "God who made her mighty, make her mightier yet." At whose expense? At the expense of some other nation, some other people, the loss of whom leaves all Humanity poorer; at the loss of some national gift, some national genius which, though it be enshrined in some small and weak nation, is not the less precious to the spiritual experience of humankind.

Some of the smallest nations, the Jews themselves, have given the greatest gifts to Humanity; and that nation whose patriotism takes the form of desiring forever to be mightier and mightier, engenders in the hearts of its citizens contempt

for the genius of other nations and a determination to dominate them at any cost to Humanity.

Now is it possible for you of America to give to the world a nobler conception than that? It seems to me sometimes as though it were peculiarly your vocation. In the Old World we are so torn with war, our spirits are so poisoned with suffering and hatred that it seems, humanly speaking, impossible for a newer, saner, more human conception, a more Christian idea of patriotism to be born. I have no desire, even in the remotest corner of my mind, to suggest to you in what way your country should come to the help of the world. I am perhaps fortunate in this, that I have truly no prepossession as to any particular political or economic entanglement which might help us and cost you something. I cannot myself see what it is that in actual, practical terms of politics or economics, you ought, as a nation, to do or not to do. But I am certain that there is a spiritual gift that you can give to the world, and I do not see from what other nation that gift to-day is possible. In the history of the ages, is it not possible that the United States will

stand for something more wonderful, more glorious than greatness in numbers, size or wealth?

That you are great in numbers and in wealth and in the vast area of your country is absolutely *nothing* to Humanity, except an opportunity. In itself it is nothing, absolutely nothing! Greatness does not consist in your numbers or your wealth. Do not be proud of these things. But there are two things that you have, and one of them is opportunity; for what a nation so great materially does in the world comes to the world with an added prestige because of its material greatness. It is a stupid judgment, if you will forgive my saying so, a very stupid judgment, for the smallest countries have sometimes done the greatest things. But it is a fact that that which comes from a country so great materially does come with peculiar prestige and authority. What you do here is of enormous importance, just because you are materially so impressive.

Secondly, you have not—will you forgive my saying it?—suffered quite so much as the Old World has. You have known what it is to be

at war for a little while, and that must have left—as modern war does leave—a shadow on your hearts. But if you will try to realize what it means to have lived in that shadow for nearly four and a half years, you will also realize, I think, that your comparative immunity gives you a certain responsibility for the world's future.

I cannot help sympathizing deeply with the feeling that some of you have, that the Old World is too rancorous, too vindictive, too cruel, too blood-thirsty for you to be able to help it. Yet I would like to convince you that, if we do not forgive one another in Europe to-day, it is not our hearts that refuse, nor is it our judgment; it is our nerves. It is because we are in such grief; because the wounds of war are so terrible and so recent, that we are like people who have got on each other's nerves. Such nervous tension often leads to greater cruelty, to a greater vindictiveness and wickedness, than there seems any reason or excuse for.

To-day what is the matter with the Old World is the impossibility of reacting quickly from so great a nervous strain. In such an atmosphere,

people hate as easily as, normally, they loved, and the new world cannot be born out of hatred. They hate, and they despair. What strikes me most, in coming to your country out of that atmosphere, is that hope is so easy to most of you. Hope is a virtue that is almost dead outside America, and despair is the characteristic vice of the war-stricken countries.

Your service to the world is in some way, which is for you to find, to convince us that love is still a practicable virtue and that hope is the normal condition of mankind. Can you solve your own problems by love? You have problems as great as ours, in some respects even greater. The great strike which is going on at this moment is symbolic of labor troubles more full of the possibility of disaster than even the labor troubles of the Old World; your long line of unemployed, your color problem, all the problems that you have to face—you know them better than I—seem to me, in some respects, even greater than ours. But you have hope to solve them with, and your spirits are not poisoned with hatred. Therefore, you ought to be able to solve them,

and, therefore, you should be determined to do so. The vastness of their scale, the great size of the country with which you have to deal, your distances, your crowds, ought not to depress your spirit, because your spirit is still capable of hope, thinks of hope as a normal, an ordinary state of mind.

This is the spiritual debt that you owe to the world: to keep alive here in the United States that spirit of love which is comparatively easy to you (and if it does not seem easy to you, I ask you to consider how impossible it must seem to us), to keep alive here in America not only hope but that on which hope is built—achievement.

You should not rest content to leave any of your problems unsolved. This is the spiritual opportunity of America; all the rest is a little thing—your material greatness, your wealth, your power, all those things that constitute "one hundred per cent Americanism," are nothing but your opportunity. They are to you simply the chance of giving a leadership, a spiritual leadership to all the world.

I repeat, I am not dictating to you or even suggesting to you in what way such a spirit of Christian patriotism can be worked out in practice. But I beseech you to remember that of all the peoples in the world, you have the greatest gift of hope; love is to you most possible. To give to the world that hope, to convince the world that love is still the normal condition of Humanity, to purify the atmosphere so that our poisoned spirits shall at last recover the possibility also of love and hope, this is to conceive of patriotism as Christ did; this is to render to the world a service which will constitute your claim to the immortal gratitude of all the world. This is indeed to give to the world a new gift and to civilization new wealth.

O God, to Whom every nation is holy, make this great nation holier yet. Amen.

Woman's Service to the Race

"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Woman's Service to the Race.

"The modern world has been dominated by man, it has been a world of conquest, of force, of war. No one will be able to tell us whether or not the physical evolution of the race made such a course essential, but there is nothing surer than the fact that the continuance of a world order based on force means annihilation.

"The force which woman represents is not that of arms or of physical combat, but rather the force of love, of spiritual power; either we try to work out a new society based on love, or we destroy each other from the face of the earth."

How literally true that has been and is. It is literally true that the great difference in the responsibilities of men and women during all the past ages, has been that the burden of conflict, the duty of the soldier, the responsibility of defense or attack, has been on the shoulders of the

men: that of cooperation and conservation, on women.

Whatever difference there has been in the civilization of one race or another, in their religion, their politics, their social ideal, their economics, everything else that you like, this broad and fundamental distinction has always persisted between the sexes. The men have done the duty of the soldier. There are, here and there, startling exceptions, like the regiment of women that was raised in Russia just before the revolution. There has been, here and there, a fighting saint, like Joan of Arc. But throughout the ages, without any exception that counts at all, and in civilizations the most various, this broad distinction has always persisted; the man has been the defender and the fighter, the woman has made the home. And it has not yet been realized—outside the narrowest circles of scientific study—how completely that which is spiritual in the human race has depended upon the creation of the home.

It is a paradox, is it not, that the human race should owe its supremacy over the lower animals and its proud position in the world of created

beings really and honestly to the helplessness of its children. It is because the human baby is so absolutely helpless for so long a time that Humanity has learned to cooperate, to practise the virtues of altruism, to learn the meaning of love, to spiritualize itself. Indeed it owes to that simple physical fact, humanly speaking, all that which differentiates it from the brute.

"Love came down at Christmas." That is one way of putting the fact that all altruistic love is born, begins, with the love of a mother for a child. You see, a human baby is so very helpless! There is not one single thing that it can do for itself. When a baby comes into the world, well, it can shriek—it starts doing that at once—but that is all it can do. I suppose, really, to the scientific eye, it is not even an extraordinarily attractive object; many of us wonder sometimes how if our mothers had not believed that we were prodigies we should have got a chance of growing up at all! It is the surrender of the strength of the older generation to the absolute helplessness, the prolonged helplessness, of human infancy that has created the spiritual value of

human love. It was born because human babies are helpless.

When a mother is carrying her child, before it is born, everything that she receives in the way of nourishment goes first to that child. When it has received all that it wants, she can have what is left over, but everything goes first to the child. Over and over again, people in very poor and even famine-stricken districts in Europe, since the war, have been struck with the fact that a woman may herself bear all the signs of underfeeding, almost to the point of starvation, and yet bear a healthy child. Of course, the process may go too far; there may not be enough even to keep the child in being; but you can, again and again, see a child born quite healthy, quite plump, quite viable, quite fit for life, from a mother who is obviously underfed. The reason is that, no matter what she receives, the nourishment goes first to that child.

Is not that a parable of motherhood? That all the rights of the stronger are subservient to the rights of the weaker? That all a mother receives goes first to make that which is being

created out of her flesh and blood? It is an unconscious process, not subject to the will, and yet it has often seemed to me one of the loveliest facts about motherhood—this unconscious giving all the time, this unconscious putting first of the life that is to come. And when the child is born, it has not a single right that it can enforce, not one; yet in almost any home that you like to think of, it is the baby who is sovereign over the household, the baby to whose rights everything else has to give way. Nothing surprises a child more, as it begins to grow up, than the startling discovery that there are other rights in the world than its own! That is inevitable because at the first, and as long as it is helpless, everything gives way to the child's good.

Out of that altruistic love, which seems so idealistic and so impossible, and yet which is seen every day and every hour so that nobody thinks anything of it, Humanity, as higher than the brute, was born. For it is the genesis of spiritual love which has made Humanity in the image of God, and which, in fact, is responsible

in Humanity for all that raises it from the lower creation.

Because of the child there comes into the home the necessary element of permanency; there arises the love of the father, who is himself only a step away, so to speak, from that most intimate tie of mother and child. He realizes that because the child is helpless, the woman must devote herself to it, and, therefore, he must defend and protect and support the home. So we get that lovely trinity of father, mother and child, whose beauty arises from the surrender of strength to weakness.

The young of any animal are fit in quite a little while to look after themselves. The lower they are in the scale of being, the more quickly are they ready for the battle of life. But the human child takes not days and weeks or months, but years to grow into maturity and, therefore, the link between the father and mother persists and must cease to be a merely physical attraction, as between the lower animals, must have in it that which is spiritual, because it is compelled, for the child's sake, to be permanent. The father

ceases to be merely the fighter and defender of the race; the mother ceases to be merely the reproducer of the race; and the two together provide that spiritual environment for the child, without which the child is not really happy.

All women know that a child has not got all it needs when it has food and clothing and a roof over its head. You know that a child does not flourish, generally speaking, in an institution, however well run, as it does in a home. The mother of the child may not be so well trained, may not have so good an education as the head of the institution; but there is some power within her to do that for her child which the head of an institution can hardly do. And this is simply the power of love.

I remember, when I was looking for a baby to adopt, I went down to a nursing home run by a friend of mine who is a doctor, to see a baby that had been born there, whose mother died at its birth. It was such a pathetic little specimen, very thin and miserable, and looking almost as if it could not live.

I was feeling very ignorant about bringing up

babies, and I asked, "Is there anything really wrong with the child?" The doctor looked at me, rather amused, and said, "There is nothing wrong with it, it only wants somebody to love it!" Here was a child in a beautiful nursing home, looked after by a woman-doctor of great skill and experience, with any number of trained nurses to look after it, and it could not flourish because it wanted somebody to love it!

It is not enough to give a child the material things that will build up its body; it must have that spiritual environment which meets the needs of its immortal spirit. Out of these needs of the helpless human child has grown up that Humanity of which we may dare to say that it was made in the image and likeness of God.

All the crafts and arts of civilization have been born in the home, out of the need to provide the child with the right kind of surroundings; weaving and dyeing and the making of clothes and the making of food; almost every art and craft which to-day is carried on, perhaps in great factories and by the hands of men, was started in the home. That is a literal fact. It

was to surround the child with the right kind of answer to its demands that civilization grew up; that we learned to be orderly and loving and unselfish; that we have decorated our homes with what we believe to be beautiful; that we have created with our hands the crafts and the arts of civilization. All that which makes us human, all that which differentiates us from the brute, has been created out of the need of the human being for a home.

Now this is a universal law. And science has taught us that if a certain power operates in a certain way in one place, it will always operate in that way—*always*. You remember the old story of James Watt, sitting by his mother's hearth and watching the steam lift the lid of the kettle. He realized that it did so because when water is turned into steam it expands. I suppose that all the women in the world have watched kettles boiling on the hearth, and in northern countries the singing of the kettle is the very symbol and expression of all that is homely and dear. Millions and millions of women, generation after generation, had watched their kettles,

had seen the steam lifting the lid; and they waited until a young man came and told them what the significance of that movement was! This boy (he was only a boy) sat there and watched until, I believe, his mother boxed his ears; she was so impatient with him, watching the steam rising from the kettle!

Women had not realized that there, in their own homes, before their very eyes, was operating a power which would drive the ships of the world across the sea and give the needed power to our great modern machinery which would so increase material wealth that it would develop an entirely new order of society. They did not understand that, by a universal law, the steam that is in the kettle on the hearth will operate in the same way when it is in the boilers of the *Majestic* or the *Aquitania,* or in great power machines in factories and mills.

In the same way, every woman, since the world began, has watched love creating Humanity. Every woman in her home has realized that it is by the power of love that children are able to grow into human beings. They know it so well

that they regard a home which rests on anything but love as a failure.

Children may be governed by coercion, they may be governed by fear or the power of the purse, but everybody knows that in so far as that is true, the home of those children is a failure, and that you get the best human being, the best human results, in a home which is governed by love. We have all known that since the world began. Are we to wait until some man comes to tell us that the same power can run the world? Or shall we ourselves, this time, generalize a great spiritual law and proclaim that, as love in the home has made Humanity, so love in the world will operate in exactly the same way? That you cannot really think of a home or a nation or a city as a success unless and until it is based upon and governed by love? Can we not proclaim to the world (before some man comes to teach it to us!) that each little home is made by a power that can make a nation or the world? That this power which we have seen with our eyes must operate in the same way wherever Humanity is gathered together?

It is not possible, I think, for us to resist the conclusion put before us in the extract with which I began: that the world cannot any longer pause to choose between conflict and cooperation, if it desires to survive at all. But what women can do especially is (from our own observation and our own experience, going back through all the ages since the beginning of Man) to show what the scientist shows in his experiment in his laboratory, the way in which the spiritual law works. We have to bring about the delivery of a nobler Humanity. Once more, Humanity is in the throes of birth.

It has been said that we stand to-day between two worlds, one dead, one powerless to be born. Powerless to be born! I have seen babies sometimes (I worked in a maternity hospital during some part of the war) "powerless to be born," who were indeed delivered into the world and who lived only through the sacrifice of the mother. Again and again I have seen a woman, uneducated, with no great spiritual opportunity one would have thought, come into that hospital to bear her child, whose sole desire—a desire so

single-minded and single-hearted that it left in her no other desire at all—was that her baby should be born well and strong.

I did not know, until I went into that hospital, how very much depends, even in these days of modern science, on the intelligence, the courage and the fortitude of the mother. And how very rarely did it fail! How very rarely did you see a woman who thought of anything at all, in that moment of anguish and travail, but that her child should be born whole and well! It is for such an hour that we are come into the kingdom—for the birth-hour of a new Humanity.

Men have given to the women of to-day and, above all, to the women of this country, a power, a freedom, a responsibility, greater than at any other time or in any other country in the world. It is of you women that we may say, "Thou art come into the kingdom for such a time as this."

There are, in the history of the world, again and again, dramatic moments, when a great and swift development becomes possible. We are always going forward or backward, it is true. But there are times when the movement forward

or backward becomes dramatic, catastrophic, extraordinary; when, looking back on the history of the world, we can see that an epoch was made. The coming of our Lord Christ was such an epoch supremely, of course, but other great episodes in the world's history have meant also definite and striking advance.

I am persuaded that at this moment it is absolutely essential that there shall be born into the world a nobler, a greater and a more powerful Humanity. You women have in your hands the children of the world. They have always been in the women's hands; the infancy of Humanity is yours to train. But in a wider sense, also a more significant and fundamental sense, this is true: Humanity itself is in your hands, and now when we are confronted with an intellectual advance which is stupendous, with powers for good and evil which, on the one hand, can heap up wealth like mountains and, on the other, destroy it until the face of the earth is blasted with the broken and the dead, it is necessary that there be born a generation which shall have a

spiritual power equal to the intellectual and material advance that has been made.

It is the hour when women must, once more, and this time consciously and deliberately, create that atmosphere both in the home and the world wherein that which makes us human, that which is spiritual, that which is civilized, shall be immeasurably more developed than it has been in the past.

Let me show you quite definitely what I mean. Take, for instance, the Young Women's Christian Association as typical of the great organizations through which you as women are endeavoring to make your contribution toward social progress. Here are you women in this, the biggest association of its kind in the world, with an organization so vast that it almost staggers imagination; having to deal with cleavages in your social system so deep that to the outsider America seems to be characteristically the land of multimillionaires, and yet, on the other hand, contains poverty as extreme as in any of the older countries—with racial cleavages deeper still.

For leaders you will have to develop a type of woman whose imagination and insight and spiritual vision is so great that, though she be at the head of a great organization, she must be able to understand the needs of the rank and file of girls at the other side of the United States, living in circumstances utterly different from her own, with needs quite different, younger in years, perhaps a different social class, or of a different race. She must understand the needs of women all over the country, enter into their position, understand them. If she cannot do that, she is unequal to the vast responsibility she bears. Who is sufficient for these things?

They demand something more than intelligence; they demand spiritual vision, the power to see what is not visible to the eye, to reach with sympathetic understanding across the three thousand miles of your great country, itself almost a continent. They demand a power to control the details of the use of time, to be always busy and never distracted, employed continually yet at leisure in the heart. They demand a spiritual

discipline and insight which any woman might dread to claim.

You must also produce that kind of leadership in your rank and file. You will have to have students who not only desire to know but who are capable of knowing what it means to be an industrial girl. You will have to have industrial girls who not only desire to express but who are capable of expressing their point of view so that it shall be understood, without resentment, without harshness, without prejudices, without bitterness, yet with passion and with power so that the world is moved to better things. Your older members must be able to understand young women and your younger members must know how to use the experience of older women. Women in business life will have to meet sympathetically the problems of women in the home, and differing races will bring their unique contribution and receive each from the other.

Who is sufficient for these things? Yet the very vastness of the problems before you demands them and unless you can produce that type of leader and that type in the rank and file, you

will be crushed by the very immensity of the task.

That which is true of you here is even more true in its way of the world itself. Science has given us power and sight and faith. Science has given to the service of Humanity instruments by which it may see the stars to which our forefathers were blind. Where they saw three thousand stars in the heavens, we count three millions. Science has enabled us to peer into the structure of the atom and to reason about things we can neither see nor imagine. In other words, science has increased our sight so that we can measure immeasurable space and use the things that are invisible.

Can you do that spiritually? You can see some star countless billions of miles away. Can you see a child in the slums of New York who starves? Can you see the people of Russia who die, thirty or thirty-five millions of them? Is that visible to you? Is there any spiritual instrument by which you can be made to see things like that? You can live in the wealthy parts of your cities, many of you; you can shut out from

your physical sight those who are poor and who are spiritually as well as physically underfed. But you must create a Humanity whose understanding and pity the mere walls of a house, the mere distance of a city, or the distance of half a world cannot baffle, to whom it shall be intolerable that any human being should suffer without help.

We have already created a Humanity which cannot endure to see a child starve before its eyes. You do not think that it is a great virtue to say of a man that he could not live comfortably in a house with his family and have there a child dying from starvation! You would rather say that if he could, he would be a monster. You would say that he could not be human, for no human being could suffer the sight of a child literally starving before his eyes.

But we must go further since we have created a world in which we cannot do a cruel thing in one place without its reverberating across the world. We must have a spiritual imagination which will make it impossible for us to be cruel merely because with our physical eyes we cannot

see the effect of what we do. It must be as impossible for the Humanity of the future to live comfortably and happily on Fifth Avenue in New York while there are people on the East Side who starve, as it is even more impossible for a man to see a child starve before his eyes.

Not long ago, I was put up for a night by one of the kindest of hostesses in my own country. Nothing could have been more considerate than the way in which she treated me. But when I asked her if she was going to Dr. Nansen's meeting about the Russian Famine Fund the next week, she said: "I don't see the use of that. I think it would be much better to let them all starve!" Yet she was not an unkind woman. She would have done anything in the world for an individual suffering child in her own house. But she could not *imagine* thirty millions of people in such agony. They were too far away; she could not realize them, and she herself had never known what it was to be without food.

I often think that when Dr. Nansen appealed before the bar of the League of Nations for five million pounds from all the world—that little

sum for Russia!—if he had been confronted not by the great and the mighty, but by the poor, he would not have gone empty away. People who understand what it is to be hungry cannot endure that others should be hungry. But can we not develop a Humanity which, *without that experience,* has such spiritual vision that the pain of everyone is present to itself; that a man cannot, literally *cannot* be happy as long as other people are starved and stunted?

You must produce that Humanity in your homes, or else the world will perish under the weight of its own intellectual and material greatness. We have learned how to send our trade across the world. We have created a civilization so complex that one of your magnates in New York can shake the financial markets throughout the world. We have created a world such that disease and health are mingled up and knit together across the continents; that no one can prosper without helping others to prosper, and no one can suffer without causing others to suffer.

If we have made that world, as by our intel-

lectual advance we have done, we must create that spiritual power which will make us as spiritually sensitive as we are intellectually efficient; which will enable us to visualize, to understand and to hope for all the world.

Science, I said, has given us faith, and that may seem to some of you a very strange claim. But is it not true that the scientist does not doubt his ultimate power to deal with any problem—material problem—that faces him? There is something magnificent about the attitude of the modern scientist in the face of any problem, in his conviction that ultimately it will be solved. Cannot those who care for the things of the spirit have the same faith in Humanity, the same boundless conviction of ultimate triumph, the same certainty that we shall make out of all our opportunities something glorious? The march of the spirit must equal the march of the intellect, or we perish.

Can such a generation as I described—for it means nothing less than a new Humanity—be born of the women of to-day? Is it possible that out of the intimate knowledge of their own ex-

perience of the power there is in the world to civilize, to redeem, to ennoble, by Love, there may be given to us a new and nobler and more civilized Humanity, able nobly and rightly to deal with the problems created by an older civilization? God grant it!

Woman's Service to Theology

"One of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray. And he said unto them, When ye pray, say, Father."

Woman's Service to Theology.

At first sight, when one begins to study theology, it does not seem as though there were any particular point of view or any particular contribution into which sex enters at all. One of the very few things that our Lord says about sex suggests that it is not an eternal and, therefore, not a fundamental thing, that there is no sex in the spirit. When He was asked a question obviously designed to entrap Him, about a woman who had married a succession of brothers, He said, "In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of heaven." That assurance that in the spirit there is no sex, is, I think, for women one of the most glorious and significant things in the whole of Christ's teachings.

In all the other great religions of the world—some of them very spiritual and very lofty—there

is some special teaching about the nature, the duty and the ideals of women. Sometimes it is very beautiful teaching; sometimes it is very poor and narrow. But I believe I am right in saying that in all the great religions of the world, there is special teaching about women as distinct from men, except in the religion of Christ. In the Christian religion—that is to say, in Christ's religion, which is not invariably the same thing!—in Christ's religion there is no teaching at all that is especially designed for women.

If I were to take our Lord's words out of their context in the gospels and repeat them to any person who had never read the gospels, that person could not tell whether any given sentence was addressed to a woman or a man. If you leave out the actual words of address, there is absolutely nothing in the essential character of any passage in our Lord's teaching which belongs to one sex more than to another. There is not a trace of intellectual condescension. There is not a suggestion that women have a narrower sphere or a different ideal from that of men. There is no list of virtues which women are especially to

aim at as distinct from that list of virtues which is offered to men.

In a great deal of modern religious teaching, we are told, for instance, that women should be chaste and men should be brave; that women should be gentle and men should be strong; that women should be submissive (which is a very convenient doctrine for men) and men should be independent. There is an admirable little double list of virtues for men and women which has often struck me as singularly resembling the double list of virtues for rich and poor. Patience, unselfishness, humility, resignation,—these are the virtues commended to the favorable consideration of the poor; and these are, on the whole, the virtues which have been commended to the consideration of our sex. But in that distinction of class or sex, there is no authority to be derived from Christ.

In his teachings, there is not a word, not a phrase, which is especially adapted to one sex rather than the other. I do not believe that we have yet sufficiently grasped the profound significance of that. Our Lord is the ideal not of one

sex or another, not of one class or another, but of all Humanity, and I often think that that rather effeminate presentation of our Lord which tradition has created, has a reason which explains its weakness. One does feel, I think, that there is very often in that traditional representation something a little effeminate. One feels that a stronger character should be depicted than that which is suggested by the popular pictures of Jesus of Nazareth, especially in modern art. Yet I believe that the artist has only failed to do what was in itself a right thing to aim at. He has been trying to express the fact that though Jesus of Nazareth was born a man (since He had to be born in the body either of a man or a woman) yet He is, in fact, the ideal of all Humanity; for women as well as for men the Way, the Truth and the Life; and that from no virtue that He lived or preached, of strength or gentleness, of power or purity, can either sex dispense itself without breaking the whole ideal.

So—to be personal for a moment—when I first began to preach, I felt very strongly that people ought not to treat sex as though it were of

eternal significance; that the things of the spirit should be proclaimed by men and women alike; that if God gave a message to any human being, she should not be forbidden to deliver it, because she was a woman. That I still deeply and passionately feel.

But I have also learned that there is, notwithstanding, a certain point of view which will enable women to give to the world not only in practical service but in theology—in the world's idea of God Himself—some fresh understanding, some new light. After all, it does matter in what kind of body your spirit is enshrined. The point of view (as I have said already) of India, of China, of Africa and of America has a certain difference, and we all feel—those of us who think of it at all—that our understanding of Christ and of God is not complete until every race has brought its peculiar spiritual genius, and its special spiritual experience, to the understanding of our great and universal religion.

In the same way, I have become convinced that from their actual experience, from the fact that to be a woman gives one a rather different

angle of vision to certain things in life, something can be given even to our conception of God Himself, some new understanding of the great teaching of Christ, when women begin to take their full share in thinking out their faith.

Women have always been among the great saints, the great servants of Humanity, the practical Christians; but, on the whole, the theology of the world is the work of men. There have been a few great women theologians, a Catherine of Siena, a Teresa of Spain, but these women have always been the exceptional women, the women whose experience, so far as that is possible, has rather been like the experience of a man than the experience of the normal woman. That is to say, they have not been wives and mothers, and though motherhood has been in them expressed spiritually their contribution to theology has been rather more like that of a great man, in some respects, than representative of the experience of the normal, average—I use the word in its best sense—woman's life. It is this particular contribution to theology, not that of the exceptional woman, but that of the woman

whose life is preeminently that of her sex, that I believe is going to add such wealth of understanding to the theology of this generation.

The gospel of St. Luke is believed by students of the Bible to owe a great deal to some woman or some group of women. It has been believed for a very long time, for example, that the first two or three chapters of the gospel must have been given to the evangelist by our Lord's mother; they so obviously represent a woman's point of view, and are expressed in a way which suggests the mind of a mother. Have you noticed one most intimate little touch, which seems to me so maternal and so like a woman and really not very like a man (I do not believe St. Luke could have thought of it all by himself!), when we are told that our Lord "increased in wisdom *and in stature* and in favor with God and man." Our Lord's mother knew that He was growing up not only in his wonderful mind but in his lovely little human body; He was growing out of his clothes, I suppose! "In wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man."

It is now believed by many people that not only these first chapters but a very large part of the gospel was collected by St. Luke from the records and memories of women. Chapters eight to nineteen, that is, eleven chapters right in the heart of the gospel, were perhaps given to him by the little group of women who ministered to our Lord as He went about teaching and preaching; either by one of these women, possibly our Lord's mother again, or possibly Joanna, or by the little group of women together. They told St. Luke, who was collecting from various people who had known our Lord in the flesh, the teaching that they remembered, the events and stories and sayings that struck them most.

You will realize, I think, if you read the gospel again from that point of view, that there is a certain difference in the way in which a woman interprets and remembers the teaching of Christ and the way in which a man does. It was Bernard Shaw who said, "It is the Christ of St. Luke Who has conquered the world." Not the Christ of the fourth gospel, who, I always think, is more wonderful to those who already know almost by

heart the first three gospels; not the Christ of St. Matthew or of St. Mark, preeminently; but, above all, the Christ of St. Luke. I believe that Bernard Shaw is right in saying that, and that the reason is that there is a certain humanity, a certain intimacy of touch in the sayings in this gospel which is hardly found in the same perfection in any of the others.

Christ, to the mind behind St. Luke, was, above all—no, not above all, but at least equally—the human Christ and the divine Christ; and his divinity expressed itself to that mind, above all, through his human personality.

You will notice that our Lord recognized that difference in his teaching between women and men. I have said that He gave no especial teaching for women. Well, it might be argued that that was because He was so much a man that He forgot women! It is very easy for men to forget that women exist when they start out to teach one another; they think in terms of men, they think in terms of boys. And it might be argued that if our Lord gave no especial teaching for women, it was because He forgot them

altogether, but for another equally striking quality in his teaching, that is, his frequent appeal to women's experience.

He gave to both men and women the same teaching, but He enforced it by applying it to their different lives. He made it so real to them that I often think any public speaker who studied our Lord's speaking just from the point of view of a speaker, would be struck by the perfection of the way in which He makes his appeal. He looked at the people He was speaking to and saw, perhaps, some shepherd standing there (I suppose He taught in the open air a dozen times for once in the synagogue), and He said, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a man who has a hundred sheep and one is lost, and he leaveth the ninety-nine and goeth into the mountains and seeketh the one that is lost." Then his eyes fell upon a woman and He said, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a woman who has lost a piece of silver and she sweeps her house until she has found it."

Again and again you will find that double appeal:

"Two men shall be in a field, one is taken, and the other left."

"Two women shall be grinding at the mill, one is taken and one is left."

Again: *"What man of you, having a hundred sheep, and having lost one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine, and go after that which is lost?"*

"What woman, having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece doth not light a lamp, and sweep the house and seek diligently until she find it?"

Again: *"The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a grain of mustard seed which a man took and sowed in his field."*

"The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal."

Again: *"The Kingdom of Heaven is as a man travelling into a far country who called his servants and delivered unto them his goods."*

"Then shall the Kingdom of Heaven be likened unto ten virgins who took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom."

Again: *"There were may lepers in Israel in*

the time of Elisha and none of them was cleansed but Naaman. . . . ."

"There were many widows in Israel in the time of Elijah, and unto none of them was he sent but to Zarephath."

Again: *"The men of Nineveh shall rise up in judgment with this generation and shall condemn it; for they repented at the preaching of Jonah, and behold, a greater than Jonah is here."*

*"The Queen of the South shall rise up in judgment with the men of this generation and shall condemn them; for she came from the ends of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold a greater than Solomon is here."**

Christ knew that the woman looks for her lost property in her house, for that is where the Jewish woman was; but the man has lost his sheep—he goes out into the mountain to seek for it. There is a consciousness of the different experience of those to whom He appeals that makes one realize how intensely He was aware of all their personal lives and personal experiences.

* These instances were collected by E. Picton-Turberville in her book "Christ and Woman's Power."

And the experience of the average man and woman is different.

When, then, you come to the gospel of St. Luke, you find that there is something at the back of much of it that suggests a woman's mind; and among these instances is the passage so familiar that I suppose most of you know it nearly by heart, a passage of which it has been said that if all the rest of the gospels were lost and there remained to us only the story of the Prodigal Son, we should still have the heart of the teaching of Christ.

This supremely beautiful parable, which to all the world is familiar, which moves the hearts of men all over the world and in all the ages, is only recorded in the gospel according to St. Luke. Many of the parables are recorded three times, most of them perhaps twice, but this one which is the supreme parable, of all our Lord's teaching the most adorable, this one has only been recorded once, and it comes in that part of St. Luke which scholars now attribute to the suggestion and the teaching of a woman. I wonder why that is!

One would have thought that no one who had ever heard it could forget it.

Our Lord put his teaching into these little stories that we call parables, because He was speaking to people who could not read or write, who must have their teaching given to them in such a form that they could easily remember it. Everyone remembers a story, so our Lord put his great truths in these lovely little stories, and this one, which is the loveliest of all, was remembered only by some woman or some group of women who recorded it and gave it to St. Luke.

Think what the heart of that parable is; it is the idea of God as our Father. "When ye pray, say, Father."* If you are a flagrant and open sinner, if you are a man who has spent all his living, all that God gave him of talent, of wealth, of power, of personality, in a waste of shame, if you are that kind of sinner, God is still your

* It seems certain that this was the form in which Christ gave the prayer to his disciples: not "Our Father," but "Father."

Father, and when He sees you a great way off, He makes haste to come to meet you.

If you are another kind of sinner, an altogether respectable, narrow-minded, censorious prig, who is always judging other people, who cannot just be glad of somebody else's happiness, but must always be thinking how much more he deserves it himself, if you are that extraordinarily disagreeable person, the prig, still God is your Father.

I often think that the attitude of the Father to the elder son is even more wonderful than his forgiveness of the younger. It is so much more difficult to be loving to the self-righteous than it is to the prodigal son! People often say to me, "I wish that end of the parable were not there. I should like it to stop at the point where they all begin to rejoice, "This my son was dead and he is alive again; he was lost and he is found." But whenever I find myself guilty of some harsh judgment, some censorious, narrow-minded attitude toward other people, I thank God for the last part of that parable that tells us that God still loves us, whatever our faults, whether they

are flagrant or whether they are merely disagreeable! Well, that is the center of this parable—the Fatherhood of God, which nothing can destroy.

In that parable, which has been described as the supreme parable, which, if we had it, would give us the heart of Christianity though all the rest were gone, there is no Christ at all. Is not that strange? Did not Christ want to make us understand that it is not God who requires a mediator between Himself and his children, but the children who have so misunderstood and so wandered from their Father that they require a mediator to make them understand what He is really like. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself," not *reconciling Himself unto the world,* for God never was alienated from us; it was we who were alienated from God.

So Jesus Christ gives to us this supreme expression of the Christian religion, in it no mediator, no advocate, because the supreme revelation of God is that his love is so perfect that He requires no one to stand between Him and his

children; it is He himself who comes to meet us; for a moment Christ leaves out of account our own desperate need of a mediator to stand between us and God.

We need Him indeed, for without Christ what should we know of God? Our need we cannot overestimate. It is Christ who makes us "at one" again with our Father. This is the true doctrine of the Atonement, which is the very heart of the Christian faith. Had we always thought of the Atonement thus,—as the revelation to us, forlorn and hopeless, of the nature and the love of God,—it would never have become the hard and terrible doctrine it has been made by those theologians who have interpreted it in the terms of the law-court rather than the home, of the judge, rather than of the father.

Well, that is the supreme expression—is it not?—of the Fatherhood of God, and the Fatherhood of God was the supreme teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. That is the heart of the Christian religion, the love of God for the world; that God is love, that love is the fulfilling of the law,

that to love God and your neighbor is greater than anything else in the world; that on these two hang all the law and the prophets, that "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." That is the heart of the Christian religion. You do not find it in any other gospel.

It is true that there are many other aspects of God which our Lord taught to us in many parables. God is our judge, He is our creditor to whom we owe more than we can ever repay. He is sometimes shown to us as an officer in a court, as a legislator who lays down the laws by which we must live, as our captain, our host, or our king. The parables which give us the idea of God as a judge or a legislator or a captain or a leader or a creditor, are reported by all the evangelists again and again, for these things are easy for a man to understand. When our Lord looked over his audience, He saw those who, from the beginning of time, have been engaged in making laws and administering them, people who have created states, who have built up kingdoms, carried on wars, have been interested in all that side of life, and He said to them, "God is

your captain, He is your leader, your legislator, your eternal judge," and into the consciousness of every man present that teaching entered and was not forgotten.

But the woman has lived in the home, and when Christ said, "When ye pray, say, Father," He was saying the thing that was most real to her. She had not been making states or laws or wars; she was not an officer administering the laws of her country; or a creditor, for she rarely had any property; she was not in that side of life at all. But all her life, in all the world and in every civilization and before civilization, from the very beginning of humanity, she had made homes and, therefore, when Christ says to her, "A certain man had two sons," she understood, and the thing stayed in her mind.

When teaching is given to you, it must meet with some response in you, must it not? If something is said to you that has no relation to anything in your life, it passes by you; you do not remember it. That is why our Lord is so careful to give an instance from the man's life and from the woman's, so that each may remember. So

this fundamental principle of Christianity fastened itself upon the minds of that little group of women, and the one thing among all that they remembered best was that God was like a Father who forgave his children always, whatever they did, and that the relationship between God and man is the relationship that you find in an ideal home.

Now that parable, humanly speaking, would have been lost to the world but for the women who remembered it. God gave it to them to remember what all the other evangelists had forgotten, though it was fundamental; for although God is our judge, our creditor, our legislator and our captain, He is supremely our Father. Other religions have taught that God was our captain and our judge and our lawgiver; it did not need Christ to come into the world to tell us that. We could have learned that from smaller teachers. But that God was our Father!—that was the supreme thing, and that was remembered best of all by women.

That is what I mean when I say that I believe that women have an especial contribution to give,

not only to the practical affairs of life, but to its thinking and to its idealism. And is it not true that the supreme need of the world at this hour is a more vivid conception of the Fatherhood of God? Is it not true that the one change that we want to make in the hearts of men to-day is that change which shall enable them to cease thinking of the world as a battlefield and to begin thinking of it as a home? If we could grasp the idea above all ideas, that God is our Father and that the brotherhood of the nations and the brotherhood of man is the supreme consequence of this supreme truth, should we not already have created an entirely different atmosphere for the new world to grow up in?

The duty of warfare, as it has been conceived in the past, conflicts to-day with our new conception of the world as a whole. For generations, we have been content to sit in our homes and to make them as lovely, as divinely gentle and human and beautiful as possible, but we have not yet given to the world that wider conception which makes this world of God simply one vast home for the nations that live in it.

If we had got that simple conception of God, which is that, supremely, He is Love; that love is the fulfilling of the law; that no sin can stand against it and no doctrine be weighed in comparison with it; that Christ is the Way, the Truth and the Life above all in this, that He was the supreme expression of Love, and that, "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God," surely the whole world would already begin to be changed.

Put into your religion your intelligence, put, for God's sake, your brains into your faith, and when you are helping to work out the theology of Christianity, you will, I am certain, be able to bring to it a certain depth and a certain simplicity which must move the world.

After all, though it was a woman probably who alone remembered this parable, all the world has seized on it as the very heart of the teaching of Christ. If we could realize from that parable the essential simplicity of the gospel, would it be possible for us to persecute one another, to divide the Church of Christ into warring sects, to make of things that are not fundamental barriers between Christians?

I do not for a moment deprecate the importance of clear thinking. The idea that holiness and silliness ought rightly to go together is abhorrent to me; the idea that Christians are all the better for being slightly mentally deficient is one of the most blasphemous doctrines! Christians ought to be the most clear thinking, the most efficient people in any state.

But let us distinguish between what is fundamental and what is not. Let us follow Christ because we love Him. Is not that the heart of his appeal: What did He ever ask of anyone but that they should look at life through his eyes, think of God and man and serve them as He did? Love Him! You will not find anyone who came to follow Him, who came desiring to follow Him, offered any other test than that. Could they drink of the cup that He was to drink? If so, they were his disciples.

As we love our Lord more and more and follow Him more and more closely, we realize more and more who and what He was. To that appeal He Himself trusted absolutely. Love was to Him not only a gospel, a principle, a sermon, it

was a life, and He said to us, "Love is the fulfilling of the law. He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God."

That translation of the world's values into the value of life is very, very hard for narrow, selfish, limited human imagination to make, but it is, I believe, the supreme need, both of the Church and the world at this hour, and it is because I believe that women, from their very experience throughout the ages, do instinctively seize upon that aspect of our Lord's teaching as the one eternal truth for them, because they responded as possibly men could not in the same degree respond to his teaching that the world is a home, that men are brothers and that God is our Father, that I believe passionately that the women of this generation have in their hands, if they will choose to use it, the power that will change the world.

The Law of Life

"When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all the truth."

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

The Law of Life.

In the great discourse at the close of the gospel of St. John our Lord promised his guidance and the guidance of God to those who should come after Him; "When he, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth." And then in the Epistle of St. James there is this verse: "Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

First of all, there is a promise that we shall advance in knowledge of the truth; and secondly, there is the assurance that it is not God who changes, it is not the truth that varies, for God is always the same,—"In Him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning,"—it is in us that the change takes place, it is we who advance in the knowledge of God who is always the same.

I sometimes think that when I die there will be found written on my heart these words, "Put your brains into your religion!" We are called upon to understand God; and I believe that our perplexity, our difficulties, would all vanish if we would receive the light that God is always giving us. I believe that to every generation there is given light enough for the problems that face it. You know that at the bottom of the sea there are little living organisms, in the deep places of the ocean where there is no light, where it is always dark, for the light never penetrates to the depths of the sea; and those minute organisms that live at the bottom of the sea have no vision, no organs of sight, no eyes, because they do not need them. There is no light and therefore there is no sight. But when we come to those more highly organized beings that live on the shore, we find that they have developed eyes or some rudimentary organ of sight; and when we get to the higher creatures, we find the perfection, the perfecting, rather, of the sense of sight.

Now you see my point: the light is always there, the sun is always lighting the earth, but the

creature develops the organ of sight as his method of existence demands it and as the problems which he has to face demand it. I believe that the problems which seem to us so tremendous and so complicated—which are indeed very complicated, very large—are not beyond the light of the spirit of God and not beyond our power to solve if we will only develop, in proportion to our needs, our understanding of the mind and the purpose of God.

To every generation comes its light, and perhaps the greatest light that has come during the last century and this century is the advance of modern science. I know that there are people to whom it seems, strangely enough, that there is a conflict, even a necessary conflict, between scientific discovery and religion. Let me then remind you that *if God made the world, the more you know about the world the more you know about God.* If only religious people realized that, they would not have gone into such a panic when modern science began to teach us its great truths.

It is true that when science goes outside its own province, it is not always very wise. It is

possible that when theology goes outside its own province it occasionally makes mistakes also! But within its own province, which is the description of the material universe in which we live, science, in teaching us about the universe that God made, is inevitably teaching us something of the nature and the purpose of the God who made it. Let us get hold of that idea, without panic, and we shall then be able to take from science the great lessons which it can teach, without losing anything whatever of our sense of the mystery and the wonder of life.

I think the most impressive sermon that I have heard preached in a long time, was preached in London by professor Arthur Thomson, our greatest English biologist—let me hurriedly admit that he is really Scotch, like all our great English people! Professor Thomson preached on "the wonder of the world," and he said to us: "The idea that the more you know about the world, the more the sense of wonder and awe disappears, is a complete mistake. The more you know about the world, the more you are amazed at the wonder and the beauty of it, the more your

spirit is smitten by a sense of the 'infinite imagination of God.' "

Science has certainly taught us one thing; it has taught us this about the world—that it is subject to law. There are many people who, like myself, are not scientists, who are perhaps not even students of one branch of science, who could not formulate in scientific terms one scientific law. Yet the one thing that you and I have grasped is that the universe is governed by law. As Dr. Stanley Hall has said, "The world is lawful to the core."

You know that if you are going to set out on any enterprise that requires material power, you have first to know the laws under which that power operates. Gas and steam and electricity were in the world from the beginning, but we did not understand the laws by which they worked and therefore we could not control nor use them. The vast achievements of modern science, the amazing mastery that man has acquired over the material world, is due not to the invention of new powers, but to the discovery of their laws and the knowledge that these laws are never

broken. If steam expands on one day it will expand on another; if it expands in your mother's kettle so as to make the lid dance, it will expand in the power machines that drive ships across the sea and work great factories. It always operates in such a way that you can rely upon it. Power acts according to its own laws. Machines are reliable in proportion as the law of the power that works them is absolutely understood.

The realization that you cannot evade scientific law or swindle it or bribe it, that it is not open to graft, that you cannot really do anything with it except understand it and work with it instead of against it—that simple discovery is really the root of the enormous growth of power which has made man almost like a god in the material world.

To-day man looks for the cause of the thing he wants or the thing that he does not want, and when he has found the cause, he is master of the effect. In nothing, I think, is the power of man over the world more remarkable than in this particular—that he takes the world, he lives

in it and forces it to be what he wants. Let me give you an instance:

The great canal that has been driven through the Isthmus of Panama was sought to be driven a long time ago. I used to think that the great French engineer, De Lesseps, failed to make that great canal because the engineering difficulties were too great at that time for the skill of the engineer. That, as many of you know, was not the reason. The real reason was that the engineering work was such as demanded highly skilled workmen and could only be carried through by white engineers. But white men could not live on the Isthmus of Panama. They caught yellow fever and died. And workman after workman was brought over to carry out this work, being perfectly competent to the task but unable to endure the climate.

Well, in the old days, I suppose people would have regarded that as the will of God. I notice that when anything very terrible happens, people always believe it is the will of God! There is a phrase in some insurance policies which says that if there is some accident that is very fright-

ful, it is the "act of God." That was the old idea.

Now modern science sits down and asks *why*. Why do these people die of yellow fever? Because they are bitten by a mosquito which carries the organism of yellow fever. Where does that organism breed? It breeds in swamps. Drain the swamp and the organism cannot breed. Yellow fever disappears, the white engineer is able to live there, and the Isthmus of Panama is cut by the great canal.

That is just an instance of the way in which man—not armed with any really new powers, because there are no new powers since all the powers in the universe that are here now have always been here—but by this understanding of the laws of cause and effect, of the way in which energy works, has become so much a master of the world he lives in that the wealth of modern civilization has become almost staggering.

When I travel through a new country like yours, a great country full of youth and energy, my spirit is almost overwhelmed by the immensity of your material achievement and the

heaped-up evidences of your wealth. Then my mind turns back to Europe, and I realize that the great promise of modern science has failed.

Look at the world and see it famine-stricken, diseased, unhappy. Even here where there is peace and not war, I sometimes ask myself whether the spirit of the American nation is strong enough to dominate its amazing material wealth; whether the intelligence of man has not outrun his spiritual power; whether the "iron man," as you call him over here, is not almost too strong and mighty for the spiritual man; whether it is not possible for modern science with one hand to destroy our very means of subsistence so that we starve and fight and die in poverty, and with the other to heap upon us such material wealth that the spirit is smothered under it.

Let us then go a little further. Science has taught us that the universe is governed by law. These laws are not like the laws passed by any particular parliament or congress, but laws which you cannot escape, which you cannot break, against which you can only break yourself. The

man who falls over a precipice and the man who flies in the air are both alike obeying natural law; the law of gravitation is not broken either by the man who flies or the man who falls, but one man breaks himself against it. That is what you can do with scientific law. You cannot escape it; you cannot change it; you cannot find any part of the world's surface where it does not act; you cannot find any day when it gets tired; you cannot find any nation which can defy or evade it. Everywhere and always and all the time, natural law is operating, and all you can do is to work with it or to break yourself against it.

If that is true of the material world, which God made, does it not throw a great light upon the nature of the God who made it? In the spiritual world, is God a different God from the God who made the universe that science has revealed to us? The Lord our God is one God, and if the material universe is governed by majestic and unchanging law, so is the world of the spirit; and our too common idea that the laws of God can be broken, that we can dodge them or evade them, or deceive God or get round Him,

or find some weak moment in which He will let us do what we like without taking the consequences, all that is as futile, as imbecile, as if a person should set to work to build a great building in defiance of the laws of building, and expect God to hold it up because it was a church. It would fall down exactly as if it were a cinematograph theatre, if it is built on a wrong foundation.

The man who tries to get a harvest by sowing the fields with salt and then sitting down to pray, is not a religious man; he is a fool. You know it. And you know that the whole universe is so governed by law that to seek to evade it is not so much wicked as childish. What you have got to do is to understand it and when you do that, you find in your service powers so gigantic that it makes one realize that man is indeed made in the image of God, that there is something godlike in the human intelligence. But when we come to the spiritual world—I suppose because we were frightened by science, because we refused the light, because we were afraid, and fear is always the most debasing and cruel of human passions—we fail to grasp the fact that there are

here energies compared with which the powers in the material universe are like the playthings of a child's nursery; energies which act according to immutable law, laws which we can never break, never evade; laws against which we can only break ourselves.

I wish that we could give up altogether the habit of talking about people "breaking the laws of God." You cannot break the laws of God; you might as well talk about breaking the law of gravitation. The laws of God are not like the laws made by Man, nor is God mocked. The spiritual universe, which is the soul of the material universe, of which this material universe is only a beautiful but still inadequate expression, is governed by laws which none can evade. When you set yourself to break the spiritual law, when you think that, for you, hate will do what only love will do, when you try to injure one member and hope that the whole body will not suffer, when you try to make Satan cast out Satan, when you try to serve both God and Mammon, when you seek to violate any of the great principles laid down in the Sermon on the Mount, I feel

almost inclined to say to you not so much that you are wicked, as that you are stupid!

You *cannot* break the laws of God; you can only break yourself against them. "Therefore, I say unto you, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not shall be likened unto a foolish man that built his house upon the sand." If you would translate that great saying into the language of the Old Testament, where the great truth of God's power and wisdom is given to us without the perfection of the revelation of Christ, I think you might be told that there was something in the nature of sand which made it peculiarly holy, and that if people built on sand, God would be angry with them and would smash their house. But when you get Christ's teaching, you find that He appeals to those immutable spiritual laws which are the very expression of the being of God. He does not tell you that God will be angry. Is God ever angry with his children? I doubt it. He says, "If you build on a bad foundation, your house will fall, because it is on a bad foundation. If you build on a good foundation, it will stand, because it is

on a good foundation." And if you build your civilization in defiance of the spritual law, all the good intentions in the world will not hold it up, because it is built in violation of the eternal laws of God.

These precepts of Christ, which the world has held in contempt, as being so remote from existence, so apart from life, so impossibly and absurdly idealistic,—"We cannot govern," said the Lord Chancellor of England, "according to the Sermon on the Mount," and everybody laughed at the idea,—these principles which the world has derided, which the world has perhaps given the passing homage of calling them beautiful but always with the reservation that they are impracticable, are, in fact, statements of fundamental spiritual laws which civilization can no more evade than it can evade the operation of material scientific law.

The time has come for us to grasp that "God is without variableness or shadow cast by turning"; that you cannot get Him to change his plan, because it is a perfect plan; that you cannot deceive Him or get Him to make an exception; but you

can place yourself alongside his will instead of against it. And if you do so, you find yourself filled with spiritual power which can transcend the difficulties with which you are faced. This is the meaning and the power of prayer.

What are our difficulties to-day? They are difficulties, I suppose, chiefly of enormous complexity. The world for us is so vast, so complex, that its very size constitutes a difficulty. It seems all beyond the brain of man. Well, man made it. He created this complex civilization. And if we could find those guiding principles which underlie the vast heap of accumulated knowledge, if we could put our hands upon those great fundamental principles, all the difficulties would fall into their proper place; as, when the scientist discovers a scientific law, all the facts and knowledge of other students fall into their proper place, and guide the student of science through the vast mass of his accumulated knowledge without any sense of confusion, without any sense of that paralysis which to-day so clogs our spiritual, religious, social, economic and industrial life.

Wherever you touch science you touch power.

Some of you, perhaps, are students of science; do you not feel with me that when you get into touch with the work of modern science, you find yourself in the possession, or in the presence at least, of power; whereas, when you come into touch with religious life, or industrial, political or economic life, you have a tragic sense of incompetence, a feeling that the world is too great for us, that the passions created by the war are uncontrollable, that you cannot master your own civilization? What causes the difference between these two worlds? It is not that science has a smaller field. The instruments of modern science have enabled us to bridge the distance between ourselves and the remotest stars, to record the existence of stars which the human eye can never see, and to measure distances in figures that are merely fantastic to the human imagination: or, on the other hand, to peer into the secrets of the universe so that things too small for any instrument to reveal can still be understood and reasoned about by the human mind. The field of science is not smaller, it is immeasurably greater than the field of the politi-

cian or the social reformer; and the sense of power that is present in the mind of the scientist is due to his apprehension of natural law.

Let us, in our idea of God, realize that He is *trustworthy*. That is really the secret of modern scientific advance—the discovery that the universe is trustworthy, that it will not fail, that power always acts according to law. How many of us worship a trustworthy God? How many pray still to a God so capricious, so uncertain, so mysterious, that we cannot attempt to understand Him? There is no phrase, I suppose, more common in the presence of misfortune and grief than this, "We must be resigned to the inscrutable will of God." Inscrutable? Well, in some ways. Of course, God is so infinitely and immeasurably beyond the comprehension of our little human minds that, in a sense, at least, He is and must always be mysterious, just as to the scientist life itself is an unfathomable mystery. But where God touches our human lives, there He calls us to understand Him.

Our Lord often reproached his disciples, not because they did not love Him, for He knew they

did love Him; but because they did not understand Him. "Are ye also without understanding; how is it that ye do not understand?" And today it seems to me as though that cry were ringing in the ears of modern civilization. Our civilization was indeed built in defiance of the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, and it has fallen, and great is the fall of it. Yet there are people who will set to work to rebuild the new world on the same principles of hate and indifference, of selfishness and cowardice and suspicion, as the old. When war comes and our civilization crashes about our ears, who is it that will not say, "We must submit to the inscrutable will of God"? The will of God! God who taught us that if we defied spiritual law, our house *must* fall over our heads as certainly as a house built in defiance of material law. Yet when we built it so and it falls, we will not admit that we defied spiritual law! No—it is the "inscrutable will of God"!

To me, one of the most beautiful of all sayings is that saying of Christ, "Henceforth I call you not servants (or as the real word is, 'slaves'),

for the slave knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things that my Father has given me, I have made known unto you." *How is it that ye do not understand?* How is it that religious people have made a kind of idol of *not* understanding, have preached that it is a virtue to be "resigned to the inscrutable will of God," when God gave us our intelligence and calls us through his Son, Jesus Christ, to understand his great purpose?

I believe that when we once realize that God is trustworthy, that He is as reliable, as unchanging in the spiritual as in the material world, when we set ourselves no longer to evade or to defy the spiritual law, but to understand it and to work with it, there will come a spiritual revival in the world compared with which the scientific advance of the last century will seem a little thing.

Is it not conceivable that it is your part above that of every nation to make that discovery and to lead that revival? You are indeed in danger—believe me, it is true—of being crushed under the very heap of your material prosperity. But there is in your hearts the possibility of love and

of peace. Can you not confront this problem with the certainty that the spiritual world is surging with energy, if you can only understand it and use it? Can you not transcend the great heap of your material wealth by a spiritual power even greater? If you can do that, you will create in the world the greatest spiritual revival since the coming of Christ, for you will have begun to enter into that understanding of the laws of God which makes men the "friends of God and prophets."

Love, the Fulfilling of the Law

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

"Never wouldst thou have created anything if thou hadst hated it."

"God is love."

Love, the Fulfilling of the Law.

I SUPPOSE if we had always put our brains into our religion, we should have known from the first verse of the Bible what the last must be; for if God created the heaven and the earth, God must be Love.

When we speak about God as law, I know that to many people that idea brings a sense of strength and peace. To realize that God is not capricious, that He is not uncertain, that He can be relied upon with the same absolute assurance as the scientific laws of his universe, brings to many distracted souls a sense of great serenity. But to some it seems rather a cold conception, and I want to remind such people that if God is law, law can only be understood in the sense of love.

Love is the fulfilling of the law, and when we say that God is unchanging and unfailing, that

He is not capricious, that we can rely upon Him, it is his love that we mean—his love that is unchanging, his love that is never capricious, his love of which we can feel the same absolute assurance as we can of the operation of any scientific law, indeed, much more so, for what scientific law yet has been perfectly and finally stated?

God is Love. What proof have we of that? The world is full of cruelty! I have said that we can tell something of God if we know something of God's world. Well, the world is full of cruelty and suffering and I suppose no one has ever yet been able to explain how there could be suffering and wrong in the world God made if God is Love. There are many things that we cannot yet explain. Wisdom will not die with us; there is much yet for those who come after us to learn.

Yet I feel increasingly that the difficulties of explaining this world in terms of the love of God, great though they are—and I do not underestimate them—are nevertheless smaller, immeasurably smaller than the fundamental difficulty of believing that the world could have been made at all, except by love. For there is no way of

making anything except by loving it; there is no other creative power.

To say that God created is to say that God loved. There is not any other power in the universe that can create, except the power of love. You all know that. Some of you perhaps are artists; do you suppose that beauty was ever created by any person except by someone who loved beauty? Is it conceivable that Beethoven wrote a great symphony without loving music? Or that Michael Angelo painted the Sistine Chapel without a love of beauty? Or that any beautiful thing was ever created since the world began except by lovers of beauty?

Some of you have in your hearts—all of you, I trust—a great love for your country. Do you think that any country was ever built up except by its lovers? That any man could make anything of his country merely by despising it or criticizing it or hating it? You know it so well that you do not realize sometimes that you do know it—you take it for granted that it is not possible to create anything at all except by love.

The divinest fact in human nature is the fact

that human life comes into the world through human love; that God has made us such that, by the love of two human beings for one another, a third human being is born into the world. Is it not true that God made us in his own image, since He made us like that? Life comes into the world through love, and everything that we know of comes into the world through love, and what we must realize is that there is no creative force in the universe except love.

Do you know that wonderful passage from Keats's *Endymion* in which the poet declares that he cannot blame people who forget everything else in their love for one another, because, though it may seem selfish, love itself is so priceless a gift that perhaps they do enough for the world merely by loving.

As does the nightingale, up-perched high,
And cloistered among cool and bunched leaves—
She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives
How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-grey hood.
Just so may love, although 'tis understood
The mere commingling of passionate breath,
Produce more than our searching witnesseth:

What I know not: but who, of men, can tell
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would
swell
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
The seeds its harvest, or the lute its tones,
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
If human souls did never kiss and greet?

That may easily seem to you the mere fancy of a poet, but the world has taught us during the last few years that it is indeed love that creates and hatred that destroys. What a fanciful idea that flowers would not bloom nor fruit ripen nor the earth be beautiful, "if human hearts did never kiss and greet"! Well, those of you who have seen Europe during the last few years, know that it is not a mere fancy. When men hate each other, the flowers do not bloom and the corn does not grow. The corn did not grow in Flanders during the war, there were no flowers, there was no color.

Some of you may have seen Nevinson's war pictures and will remember that there is in them an almost total absence of color and beauty and

life; nothing but stretches of dreary mud, nothing but a few human beings in mud-colored clothes, nothing but dreariness, destruction and waste.

If you cannot believe that love creates, look at the other side of the picture and you will see how hatred destroys. It is of the nature of hatred to destroy. If you want to destroy, hate; but if you want to create, you must love. If you cannot love, if there is in your heart so much pain, so great a resentment at the cruelty of society, that you must hate either a nation or a race or a class, I do not condemn you. What human being will dare to condemn one who has suffered such intolerable things that he finds in his heart nothing but hatred?

There are people whom I have known, of whom it would amaze me if they could feel anything but hatred. I do not for a moment condemn such people. God forbid. Only I say to them: "Do not deceive yourselves. If you have nothing in your heart but hate, stand out from the progress of the world. You cannot help it perhaps. But unless there is love in your heart, you can do nothing. It is as senseless to hope

it as to dream that with your hands full of salt you can raise a harvest. It may be that you have nothing in your hands but salt; it may be that you have nothing in your heart but bitterness; perhaps that is not your fault; but it makes you a useless person in the building up of the world."

Remember that it is as certain as the material law that you cannot raise a harvest without seed, that you must have love when you want to raise a harvest of that which has in it the mysterious quality of life. What is the difference between the living grain and the dead chemical thing with which you might imitate it? Who knows? No scientist can tell you. No scientist can make life where there is not life. He cannot tell you what it is, this mysterious principle out of which comes life, but he can tell you that unless life is present in the seed, you cannot grow your harvest. To offer things that are dead, dead chemicals, lifeless salt for seed, and ask a harvest from them is senseless.

In the same way, in the spiritual world, those who are filled with hatred are useless. Pity them, but do not expect from them anything, for they

have nothing to give that has in it the divine quality of creation. That is to be found only in love. To my mind, the most pitiful thing on earth is to see human beings, disappointed by the tragedy of war, setting to work to build up a better state of things by hating somebody else. They cease to hate Germany and they begin to hate capitalists; they cease to hate Russia and they begin to hate France; they cease to hate a nation and they begin to hate a class. And they always hope in some way, out of this dead destructive quality of hate, to create a new world. What is tragic in them is not so much their wickedness—for those of you who know what the suffering of the last seven years has been, will not be ready to condemn them—it is the utter, hopeless futility of trying to create a new world with that which is the very instrument and principle of destruction.

Do you remember the dialogue between Shylock and his accusers in Shakespeare's great play, "The Merchant of Venice" in which Bassanio asks the Jew—"Kills every man the thing that he does hate?" And Shylock answers, "Hates any

man the thing he would not kill?" I used to think that was a debating point. I see now there lies in it a whole philosophy. If you hate, you want to destroy. *"Hates any man the thing he would not kill?"* You want to destroy a man's body or his happiness or his soul, for hate in itself is the very principle of destruction. In the same sense, love is the principle of creation and it is more difficult to explain how the work could come to be at all, except from the heart of a God of love, than it is to explain any of the cruelties that mar God's world.

To explain these cruelties is difficult enough; but nothing could be so senseless, so stultifying, nothing would make one feel the world more chaotic than to suppose that the creation of this great universe, or the creation of any single thing in the universe could come except by love. For love alone can create.

Now, there is another side to all this. God is Love. "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." God creates us in his own image, but that image has been distorted and blurred, and what we have now to do is to create

that nobler Humanity, that more sensitive, stronger, more spiritual Humanity, that shall be able to cope with the great problems of our twentieth century civilization. I say more sensitive as well as stronger, for one of the things that women must teach the world, I think, is that sensitiveness is a sign of spiritual power and not of spiritual weakness.

Blake's great poem, "Jerusalem," came from the same mind as a little couplet that expresses just what I want to say about the sensitiveness of those who are spiritually strong:

"A robin red breast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage."

That lovely little expression of tenderness expresses a conviction that sensitiveness to suffering goes along with a nobler and a more powerful civilization. I have suggested to you that it is your business to create a type of Humanity which shall be adequate to the needs of the world, and you perhaps ask yourselves, "How is that to be done?"

Well, we have our divine pattern. Christ came

to show us not only what God is, but what man should be. When Pontius Pilate brought Him out to the people and said, "Ecce Homo" (Behold the Man), he meant no more than—"Behold the man of whom we speak, the man to whom you have preferred Barabbas." It was Pilate's last appeal to the better judgment of the people. He hoped by bringing Christ out to them to move them to something like remorse. He brought Him out in all his majesty, and said, "Behold the Man!" That was all the words meant to Pilate; but Humanity has seized upon that phrase which meant so little to the speaker, and read into it, "Ecce Homo—Behold Mankind!" Behold the Man—THE MAN, that which Humanity should be, the perfect conception of God. And the man of the future, the Humanity for which we are looking, must catch the spirit of this Christ, and grow up to the measure of his stature. That can be done as all creation is done, by love.

To grow like Christ, it is only necessary to love Him, and to love Him it is only necessary to know Him. I defy anyone to read the gospels and not love the Personality that is there de-

picted. It is not possible to get into the mind of Jesus of Nazareth; to follow Him as He went about the world; to read his words; to read the record of his acts; to get inside his mind, as far as that may be, to look at God and man through his eyes, and not to love Him. And love is creative; love creates us in the image of that which we love.

In the beginning, God created us in his own image, but He has never ceased to re-create us in his image, and He does it by the same means—which are indeed the only means—by love. To those of you to whom the great ideals of world-service are attractive and inspiring, I would say, do not lose touch and communion with that great Spirit which moved the world as no one else has ever moved it; Who did what you and I would give our lives to do; Who lifted the world out of the rut and set it on a new course; Who did, I repeat, what we would die to do—gave the world a new angle of vision, a new conception of God.

It is possible for every one of you to serve Humanity, and whatever are your circumstances you

can always look at your life as a service to God and Humanity. There are no circumstances in which that is impossible.

But to serve Humanity, enthusiasm and hope are not enough. Anyone may be carried away by a wave of emotion, anyone may be inspired by the idea of working for Humanity; but such enthusiasm, such inspiration are not enough. There is no life so difficult, there is no experience so searching, as the life that is lived in the service of Humanity. It requires a self-denial more fundamental and more searching than mere self-sacrifice.

Our Lord said, "If anyone would be my disciple, let him deny himself." That is something infinitely deeper than to sacrifice yourself. There are people who have developed such an irritating habit of sacrificing themselves that it is almost impossible to live with them! I have known people who, in the name of religion, are always doing what they do not want to do. I have known an entire family of which every member persistently does that which he does not want to do, so that the other members may do what

they want to do; and as all of them have this same persistency in doing what they dislike doing, all of them live in a state of nervous strain.

It is sometimes your duty to assert yourself, and it is often nothing but sloth and moral cowardice that prevents you from doing it. Self-sacrifice is sometimes the easier way. Self-denial is never easy. It means that you can so silence your clamorous egotism, so put yourself out of your own reckoning and your own consideration, that you can look at your own problems, your own personality, and your own work as though it were someone else's.

You are to love your neighbor as yourself; you are to love yourself as your neighbor, not to hate yourself. That is the asceticism of other Eastern religions. But you must *deny yourself*—deny yourself—treat yourself with the same justice that you seek to give to others. That is incomparably harder than merely to choose always the thing you do not want to do, always to take the disagreeable path! I have known scores of people who have said, "I chose to do so and so, because it was what I did not want to do." That

is stupid and futile. It is not Christianity—it is a lack of moral courage.

When you desire to serve Humanity, you sometimes have to sacrifice yourself and sometimes to assert yourself. You have to be an instrument in the hands of God for whatever He desires you to do; you may be forced into the limelight when you hate it, or kept in the shadow when you hate that.

How much public work has been ruined because the people who did it were not fine enough for the service of Humanity! Every weak place in your character, every inclination to be slothful, every tendency to be dishonest, every unwillingness to put your work before yourself, every atom of moral cowardice will come out under the strain. Over and over again, as you face your problems, you will realize that if you had been finer in the past, if you had the habit of denying yourself, if you had nothing in your mind but the glory of God and the service of man, you would see what was the right thing to do. You would be able to do it just so, and just right; and you cannot because you are not fine enough.

It is a spiritual discipline of the most searching kind, to serve your fellow men. In many people to-day, the appeal to save their own souls strikes no responsive chord. If all the world goes down into hell, what does it matter if you and I go down also? But when you realize that you could have saved the world from hell, that you could have set it on a better path, if you yourself had been more like Christ, had been a finer and a stronger person, then there comes that agony of repentance which St. Peter felt, when he cried out to our Lord, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!"

At that moment, recall to yourselves the fact that love is still, as always, creative; that whatever your failures, your weaknesses, your limitations, it is still, and always, possible to make of your life not that decent, possible respectable thing which perhaps almost all of us are beginning to hope for, but that glory which enables us to say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me!"

The power by which God created us in the beginning is still in the universe and is still all-

powerful, and my last word to you would be, not of those great problems, those universal world-wide hopes and dangers and doubts which we know so well, but rather to remind you that the solution of all these things depends upon the individual seeing and following God; that to every one of us there is given the glorious possibility of having born in our own hearts the spirit of Christ.

"In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth." . . . . Never could He have created anything if He had hated it. . . . . "God is love." . . . . "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him." . . . . "Beloved, if God so loved the world, we ought also to love one another."

Sex and Common Sense

BY

A. MAUDE ROYDEN

These much discussed addresses by Miss Maude Royden are, to use her own words, intended "to provoke discussion and engender light." Much of the book, therefore, is of a controversial character, and Miss Royden does not hesitate to attack what she believes to be wrong, whether it is with regard to our laws about marriage, our refusal to let light in on the problems of sex, or the more recent tendency to preach moral anarchy as their sole solution.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chap. 1. The Old Problem Intensified by the Disproportion of the Sexes.
Chap. 2. A Solution of the Problem of the Unmarried.
Chap. 3. Consideration of Other Solutions of the Problem of the Disproportion of the Sexes.
Chap. 4. The True Basis of Morality.
Chap. 5. The Moral Standard of the Future: What Should It Be?
Chap. 6. A Plea for Light.
Chap. 7. Friendship.
Chap. 8. Misunderstandings.
Chap. 9. Further Misunderstandings: The Need for Sex Chivalry.
Chap. 10. "The Sin of the Bridegroom."

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